

Untitled

by SkywalkerChild

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Episode 1 RATING: G Send all love or hate mail to
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Amidala looked at the young boy who stood beside Obi-wan. He was a confused child, a hurting child, and yet his eyes held more knowledge than a child's eyes should. Obi-wan had told her that Anakin had the Force and that Qui-Gon had expected a lot from him. But he's so young. Amidala reflected on her own Force training. It had been very minimal, brought on mainly by her parents' desires of having born a Force-sensitive. But she was not strong in the Force and had only been trained enough to learn how to control it. "Your Majesty?" Obi-wan's eyes looked at her curiously, and she knew he was trying to read her. But she had eluded their detection for weeks; she wasn't about to let him into her head now. "What is it, Jedi Kenobi?" Obi-wan started. He still hadn't gotten used to being called a Jedi. It was an odd, but proud feeling that always seemed to overtake him whenever he heard that title. "Your Majesty, I want to thank you for allowing Anakin and I to stay here in the palace until after Qui-Gon's funeral. Your kindness and generosity was unwarranted." She smiled, something she hadn't done in months. "Do not concern yourself with it," she said softly. "You and yours have saved my life many times recently, it was the least that I could do." He nodded. "And now, with your permission, young Anakin and I will be off. We must begin his training; he has many years to catch up on." Amidala nodded. "If you don't mind, Jedi Kenobi, I would like to have a word with Anakin in private." Obi-wan nodded and, smiling once at Anakin, left the antechamber they were in. Amidala stood up slowly and walked over to where the young boy stood. He had been silent ever since

Obi-wan had brought him into the room. "I'll miss you, Anakin," she said quietly, and knelt down to give him a hug. "But you are going to be trained by a great teacher; you will become a great Jedi some day." Anakin held onto her tightly for a moment and she heard him trying to keep back his sobs. Impulsively, she kissed him on top of the head. He looked up at her and tried to smile. "Can I come see you again?" he asked, his voice innocent and wondering. She smiled. "Anakin, you can come see me whenever you wish. You will always be welcome in the halls of Naboo." She gave him another hug. "Now, go to Obi-wan and begin your life with a great man." Anakin gave her a brief smile, then a bow, and then he practically fled from the room. Once the doors closed, Amidala sighed. "Goodbye, Anakin; may you find what you are looking for."

Obi-wan piloted the ship without thinking. His mind was back on the beautiful queen of Naboo. She was younger than he was, and yet very wise and powerful. He could sense a deep, almost consuming sadness in her that frightened him sometimes. She was too young to have seen all the terrors she had. Too young, really, to be a queen. Obi-wan's eyes fell on the boy in the co-pilot's seat--Anakin Skywalker, his Padawan learner. Qui-Gon had wanted the boy to be trained, and to honor his former master, Obi-wan would train the young boy. But Obi-wan knew he had no idea what he was supposed to be doing. "Obi-wan, sir?" Anakin's voice sounded strange after so much silence. The young Jedi looked over to his charge. "Yes, Anakin, what is it?" "I'm hungry." Obi-wan sighed. Now he remembered why he had never been a big fan of children. They always needed things. "There are rations in the storage bins. But don't eat too much; they have to get us back to Coruscant." Anakin nodded and then ran eagerly out of the room. Obi-wan sighed again. This was going to be a very patience-building task. Every problem he ever gave Qui-Gon suddenly flooded the knight's memory and he cringed involuntarily. It would serve him right to get a student half as troublesome as he was to Qui-Gon. The older Jedi's death still hadn't really solidified itself in Obi-wan's memory. It should have been easier; Obi-wan had, after all, been there when his master had died. He had watched Qui-Gon's body burn slowly on the funeral pyre. But none of it seemed real. Sometimes, he could still hear the patient man's voice in his head, reminding him that he is a Jedi and that he can handle the job of training a young boy. Anakin came back then and put his hand near Obi-wan's. The young man looked over the boy and raised an eyebrow. "What is it?" Anakin gave him a look of confusion. "It's food; I thought you might be hungry." "I'm not, but thank you," he said, putting the ration pack on an unused console. At least the child was courteous. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

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